Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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COMING.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

LISTEN to the story
Earth and sky and air,
With their many voices,
Carol every-where.
Yonder robin, sitting
On an apple spray,
Tells it over loudly,
Hear his roundelay—
"Vacation is coming, coming, coming!"
Isn't that the song
He is singing, singing
All the bright day long?

The breezes, too, are hastening,
Bearing far and wide
This delightful story
Of the summer-tide.
O'er and o'er they tell it,
O, the royal news!
Freedom of the summer,
And all its sweets to choose;
"Vacation is coming, coming, coming!"
That is what they say,
Telling me of frolics
All the live-long day.

Even the leaves are whispering,
Hear the murmurs low;
All my merry gambols
Words cannot foreshow.
"Vacation is coming, coming, coming!"
When these words go round,
Do you catch the music
Lingering in the sound?
With the summer coming
Stored so full of joy,
Tell me, aren't you wishing
You could be a boy?

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER II.

IT was not pleasant for "Mrs. Manice," as she was called in distinction from Mrs. John Boyd, to have Miss Sally and Miss Maria Packard in her house as a part of her family; but it seemed the best thing she could do. She herself had been thoroughly educated, and was accomplished besides. She was competent to educate her daughters, and when Jack was ten he was to go with Wilson, his cousin, to a good school at his Uncle John's expense.

But even with this weight off her shoulders, the interest of five thousand dollars would not pay taxes, insurance, and water rates, and feed and clothe herself and her children. Miss Sally and Miss Maria would pay her thirty dollars a week for her two front chambers, her parlor, their board, fires, lights, and washing. This was a good bargain for them, for, though they paid her nominally the same sum they paid in Dartford, there they were furnished with no extras, and had but two rooms.

Manice Boyd knew very well that all her brother-in-law had said about his aunts was true; but she had long ago learned that life was unendurable if you persist in looking only at the hard and disagreeable things in it, and she had trained herself to persistently look for whatever was good and pleasant in her way.

"If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things," was her daily text. Now, she set herself to see what she could that was good in this new arrangement. There was the money, for she would certainly make some profit on their board; then there was such good occasion to teach her children forbearance and courtesy to the aged, patience with other people's opinions and whims. In fact, she knew that she, too, would find a certain daily discipline extremely good for her, and since she must do something for herself, how much better it was to take relatives into her house than strangers; how much better for her to be able to keep a home for her children than to have to teach every day in some school, and leave them to a servant's care!

Mimy—properly Jemima Slade—had lived with Mrs. Manice ever since Walter Boyd brought his young wife home to the pleasant house she still occupied, for it had been a wedding gift to her from her father-in-law, who, dying even then of a life-long but lingering ailment, had divided his property between his sons' wives, perhaps foreboding Walter Boyd's career.

Mimy was a tall, gaunt Yankee, hard in face but soft of heart. She loved all that family as if they were her own, but she had the deepest respect for Mrs. Manice's sense and judgment.

Just now, however, it had taken much patience for Mimy to endure the idea of Miss Sally and Miss Maria as inmates.

"They'll pester you dreadful, Mrs. Boyd!" she remonstrated. "'Tis one thing to have such folks where you can be with 'em or not, just as you're a mind to, and another thing to have 'em under foot all the time. I always did think the worst of all the plagues of Egypt was them frogs that went up into the bed-chambers and every-where else. You'll hanker more for privacy than their board's worth. Now, take my word for 't."

"Perhaps I shall, Mimy; but I don't expect that I or the children shall have every thing just as we like it."

"I expect Jack 'll raise Neptoon with them old women. Boys is such hectors."

"And I expect Jack to behave like a gentleman, Mimy. Moreover, I expect you to help me keep him in order."

Mimy colored with pleasure. It was always Mrs. Boyd's way to say "Do!" instead of "Don't!" A difference great in fact if small in speech. Mimy was enlisted as a soldier, instead of warned as an opponent.

Just then Jack burst in from school, rosy with the keen autumn air.

"Jack," said his mother, "next week Aunt Sally and Aunt

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Maria are coming here to live. Now, I wish you and the girls would go into the garret and hunt up a nice box to keep their wood in. Then I will give you some cretonne if you think you can nail it on to cover the box and make it pretty."

"I can, if Nan and Ally 'll help me," said Jack, confidently. "But O, mother! I want to tell you. I did say "No" in school to-day. Joe Henner wanted my top to play with, and I was 'fraid he'd split it. He said he'd kick me if I didn't let him have it. But I said 'N-o!' just as loud as I could holler."

"Did he kick you?" asked his mother, to gain time and keep her face straight.

"Yes, some; but it didn't hurt much. He's a real mean boy."

Mrs. Manice was a little puzzled how to set Jack's rather mixed ideas straight. She considered a moment, and then said,

"If you wanted to take Joe Henner's velocipede should you like to have him say 'No' to you?"

"I wouldn't kick him if he did. But I guess I should be sorry."

"Then, you see, Jack, this was not one of the times to say 'No.'"

"I didn't want to be a ''fraid cat,'" said Jack, with a tone of contempt.

"But you ought to think of other people first, my boy. Never mind about being afraid of any thing but doing wrong. It is no harm to be afraid of getting kicked, unless somebody wants to kick you to make you do wrong. I think if I were you I'd tell Joe to-morrow that he can play with your top a little while."

"P'r'aps I will!" said Jack, wistfully.

Just then his sisters called him, and in no longer time than it took to climb the stairs he had forgotten his trouble in the search for a box. With some help and advice from his mother it was soon covered, and then the children went out into the woods to pick up pine cones to fill a basket for kindling the aunties' fire; and one and all came home with an unconscious feeling of kindness toward the coming guests for whose comfort they had been working.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you," not necessarily in actual and similar gifts, but in the fullness of kindly feeling; the glow of benefits conferred; a tiny spark of that sort of love that gave an only Son, well-beloved, to be the crucified Redeemer of men.

This Mrs. Manice well knew. She had awakened an interest in the aunts in her children's mind, and that was the first step in their learning to treat them kindly and considerately.

There was another thing to do now. Jack's room must be given up to his mother, since she had to give up hers to the aunts, and he had to move all his possessions into an attic, which the sloping roof and small window made far less pleasant than his own sunny chamber. And this Jack did not like. His mother did not scold about his sulky face or unwilling consent. She ignored all that; it passed without notice, and early Monday morning she said,

"Come, Jack; I want my boy to help me move to-day. You take up your chairs, and Mimy will carry the bureau with my help. You can take the drawers one at a time. I've put a piece of that crimson parlor carpet you liked so much on your floor. There was just enough when I ripped out the worn breadths, and Alice has made such a nice curtain to hang over your clothes. You know your pigeon-house is right under your window, and the pigeons like to go up there in the morning, so you'll have something better than an alarm-clock to wake you up early."

"O aint that fun! They'll come in p'r'aps, mammy, if I leave the window up. I guess they'll get awful tame."

"And think, Jack, you'll have all that story of the house to yourself; you can put any thing you don't want in your room into the garret, and if I ever want you in the night I can just speak out of my door up to yours."

"Why, I never thought of that! I shall be close to you, mammy, dear!"

And as Jack flung his arms round her neck and gave her a hearty hug he thought his room and his mother better than any boy ever had before. A little matter it seems to make a boy contented with his daily belongings, but

"Little things on little wings
Bear little souls to heaven."

Aunt Sally and Aunt Maria came at the week's end, and after much fussing and much scolding were installed in their pleasant rooms; but their first encounter with Jack was caused by the pine-cones, the first day Miss Sally tried to use them to kindle her open fire.

The parlor door was flung open with a bang.

"Manice!" a shrill voice called. "Wont you send that boy of yours to take these cones away? I've got rosin, or turpentine, or something, all over my hands; the things aren't fit to touch." Jack heard, and his face flushed to the temples.

"Mean old thing! when I went and picked 'em up a-purpose for her!"

"Jack," said his mother, warningly, "my boy, say 'no' to your temper; this is the time for 'no.'"

Jack turned on his heel. He felt like Jonah, that he did well to be angry, for here was a thing he had done to please Aunt Sally thrown right back at him. Mimy felt just as he did.

"I'll pitch 'em out, Miss Boyd," she said. "They wont be wasted on me. I set by pine cones for kindlin' like every thing! They don't dirt *my* fingers none. I know what tongs is good for, I hope!"

"No, Mimy," said Mrs. Manice, quietly. "I want Jack to do it."

Jack looked at his mother with a troubled face, but she only smiled. His lip quivered, he picked up the basket, and then in a moment of rebellious temper threw it down with a bang. Mrs. Manice said nothing; her face saddened, but she made no further sign. Jack stood first on one foot, then on the other, drummed on the door with his fingers, threw his cap up and caught it again, then suddenly, at the top of his voice, shouted, "No! no! no!" seized the basket and flew into the aunts' parlor, where he was heard directly pouring out the unwelcome cones from their receptacle.

Mimy sat down in a kitchen chair, threw her checked apron over her head, and laughed hysterically. But the tears stood in Mrs. Manice's eyes; it was more than funny to her, this little victory of Jack's—it meant one upward step in the path that is only to be trodden step by step

"Till traveling days are done."

But she had a radiant smile ready for Jack when he came in, tugging his heaped basket to the side of the kitchen stove, and he answered the smile with a shame-faced laugh, as he went in for another load. Alice and Anne had their own hard experience with the aunts, but as this story is chiefly about Jack we will only detail his troubles. Like many other elderly and single women these two considered it their duty to help bring up every child with whom they came in contact, and their niece's children, particularly Jack, came in for much education at their hands.

They did not like boys; they could not endure Wilson, who was really a troublesome, disagreeable, ungoverned child, but they rarely saw him, while Jack was a daily trial to their nerves.

"Jack!" Aunt Sally would cry, "don't touch that nice album! you'll spoil it, and what will your ma say!" And Jack with hard self-control would lay down his mother's photograph book, and pick up a chess-board, perhaps, just to occupy his hands, for Jack's hands were getting to be in his way in society, though they were remarkably useful for work or play.

"Can't you sit still without handling things?" snapped Aunt Maria.

"No, *marm*, I can't!" snapped Jack in return, for children are echoes.

"Jack," said his mother, coming into the room.

"Why don't you put things up in the closet, Manice," remonstrated Aunt Sally, "so's that boy wont get at them and spoil them. It does seem as if boys had got to get hold of every earthly thing they see."

"I had rather teach him to see and not touch, Aunt Sally," said Mrs. Manice, gently. "Jack must learn self-restraint while he is young, or he will never learn it. My dear boy, will you go up stairs and help Nan wind that red yarn for your mittens?"

Jack went, glad to escape.

"But, Manice," put in Aunt Maria, "he'll ruin that album."

"I don't think he will, aunty; I have taught him to keep his hands clean when he touches such a thing."

"Don't he keep them clean always? He ought to. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' "

"I'm afraid he don't, Aunt Sally. It is rather too much to ask of a boy always to have clean hands. A little wholesome letting alone is so good for them!"

"I don't b'lieve that!" said Aunt Maria. "You seem to forget what it says in the Bible, Manice, 'Line upon line, precept upon precept!' "

"Does it say it about boys?" asked Mrs. Manice.

"Well, I don't say it mentions boys, but all Scripture is good for every thing."

Mrs. Manice said nothing more. She had the wisdom of silence, which is sometimes the most needful of all wisdom. She might—most women would—have gone on to remind Aunt Maria that the verses in question referred to "the drunkards of Ephraim," and expressed the vital fact that only constant iteration of reproof and endeavor can avail to break up a strong habit; nor did she repeat that with a child it was her faith that habits should be made rather than broken up. Each of Manice Boyd's children had been taught to obey in their very infancy, when the two ideas of disobedience and suffering can be imbedded as cause and effect in a child's mind, and that without arousing the passion and resistance that are so hard to conquer in later years. She meant with them too to say "do" instead of "don't," and certainly her training had been so far a success; but she did not carry on any argument about it with the aunts, she only dropped the matter where it stood, and went up to see if the yarn was wound.

"Mother," said Jack, as she entered her room, "I just hate 'em!"

"Who, Jack?"

"Aunt Sally and Aunt M'ria."

"Why?"

"O they're just hateful; always talkin', and scoldin', an' fussin' at me, 's if I was a puppy-dog."

"Jack, do you know some day you will be old, and perhaps not have any body to take care of you, and ache dreadfully, and have nothing taste nice to you, and feel as if every noise was right in your ear, and every body trying to tease you?"

"I shan't be an old woman, any way."

Mrs. Boyd laughed. Jack was irresistible.

"But I shall be, Jack," she said, when she recovered her gravity.

"O, mammy, you wont!"

"Yes, I shall; and if you don't learn to be patient and kind to these old ladies, how can I trust you to be good to me when I am old?"

The reasoning was rather deep for Jack, but into his honest little heart crept a vague idea that it was doing something for his mother to be patient with the aunts, and the tiny seed took root.

Manice Boyd had used the very method of the Master: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me;" and it bore fruit in its season. Jack had many outbursts of temper, to be sure, when the old ladies tried his very soul with the persistent nagging some people consider educational. I once heard a child of seven say to a parent of this type, "Papa, why does you always tell me when I's naughty, and nebber, nebber, when I is dood?" And this pitiful outcry of a wounded baby's heart, hungry for love and commendation, hurt me to the quick. How many of us "offend" Christ's "little ones" in this fashion still! It is of his long-suffering that we are not therefor cast into the sea of despair.

[*To be continued.*]

PEACOCKS.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

An English lawn or park seems hardly complete without its deer, its small ponds for the swans to gracefully move about in, and its peacocks—the latter to display themselves before the mansion with wide-spread tail, or to sun themselves on some broad balcony.

Though long naturalized in Europe, this bird is of Eastern origin, and found in the greatest profusion in the neighborhood of the Ganges, in the extensive plains of India, the kingdom of Siam, etc. Peacocks were brought from India into Greece about the time of Alexander. And about the time of the Roman republic they were introduced into Rome, and were esteemed as one of the choicest luxuries of the table.

Of the exact period when they were introduced into England we have no authentic record; but we are told on good authority that the peacock long formed one of the dishes in the second course of every great feast, being usually baked in a pie made in the form of the bird, with the head raised above the crust, the beak richly gilt, and the tail expanded.

In the days of chivalry it was common for the knights to make their vows of enterprise at a solemn feast on the presentation to each knight in turn of a roasted peacock in a golden dish. At Christmas in "ye olden times," when served up with gilded beak and plumed crest, the head appearing at one end of the pie, and the tail spread out in all its glory at the other end, it was carried in state to the dining-hall to the sound of minstrelsy, by the lady in honor most distinguished for birth and beauty, the other ladies following in due order.

The ordinary length of the peacock from the tip of the bill to that of the tail is about four feet. Its finely shaped head is adorned with a tuft consisting of twenty-four feathers, whose slender shafts are furnished with webs only at the ends, painted with the most exquisite green, edged with gold. The head, throat, neck, and breast are of a deep blue, glossed with green and gold; the back of the same colors tinged with bronze. The real tail consists of short, stiff brown feathers, which serve as support to the train.

But the distinguishing character of this singular bird is its train, that rises just above the tail, and when erected forms a fan of the most resplendent hues. The shafts are white, and furnished to the end with divided iridescent barbs; at the extremity of these feathers the barbs unite and form a flat, extended vane, decorated with what is called "the eye." This is a brilliant spot or circle, enameled with the most enchanting colors—yellow, gilded with various shades; green, running into blue; and bright violet, varying according to its different positions, the whole receiving additional luster from the center, which is a fine velvet black.

The pea-hen is smaller than the male bird; her train is not only very short, but destitute of those dazzling colors by which he is distinguished, her whole plumage partaking of a light brown or cinnamon color. She seldom, unless in a wild state, lays more than four or five eggs at a time, and always chooses a sequestered spot where she can conceal them from the male, who is apt to break them.

When pleased or delighted and in sight of his females the peacock proudly erects his train, throws back his head and neck and struts about in slow and solemn pace, frequently turning slowly and gracefully round as if to catch the sunbeams in every direction, and produce new colors of inconceivable richness and beauty.

"How rich the peacock! What bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
And gives his colors to adorn the day;
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze."

This evident admiration of himself has, when pride and ostentation is shown by any one, led to the apt expression, "As proud as a peacock." The plumes are shed every year, and while molting the bird, as if humiliated, retires from view.

The peacock is generally supposed to have been known to the Hebrews in the time of Solomon. In First Kings, tenth chapter, it is thus mentioned: "For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." There is a similar verse in Second Chronicles in which is given a description of Solomon's great wealth and the magnificence of his court. There has been some discussion as to the identity of this bird. Some Hebraists have rendered the word "parrot," while others have supposed that guinea-fowl was meant. We also hear of the word as translated "ostrich." But, says Abbott, by far the strongest evidence seems in favor of peacocks. There is little doubt that Solomon's fleet visited India and Ceylon; and as this magnificent bird abounds in those countries it would hardly have escaped the notice of those in quest of beautiful and curious objects with which to add to the glories of the court of the great king.

"A monarch so conversant as Solomon," says Sir J. E. Tennent, "in all the branches of natural history would certainly not neglect furnishing his officers with instructions for collecting every curiosity in the country to which they made voyages, and which gave him a knowledge that distinguished him from all the princes of his time."

Œlian relates that they were brought into Greece from some barbarous country, and that they were held in such high estimation that a male and female were valued at Athens at one thousand drachmas, or £32 5s. 10d. Their next step might be to Samos, where they were preserved about the temple of Juno, being the birds sacred to the goddess. And Gellius, in his "*Noctus Atticæ*," commends the excellency of the Samian peacocks. It is, therefore, probable that they were brought there originally for the purpose of superstition, and afterward cultivated for the use of luxury. We are also told that when Alexander was in India he found vast numbers of wild ones on the bank of the Hyarotis, and was so struck with their beauty as to appoint a severe punishment for any person that killed them.

Job says, "Givest thou the goodly wing unto the peacock? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?" To understand the beauty of "givest thou the goodly wing to the peacock," we must know that in India immense flocks of these elegant birds exist in a wild state, and it is said whole forests are thickly strewn with their beautiful plumage. They run like the ostrich, very swiftly, and it is considered fine sport to hunt them when in flocks of from fifty to fifteen hundred.

Says Col. Williamson in his "Oriental Field Sports:" "About the passes in the Jungletery district whole woods were covered with their beautiful plumage, to which a rising sun imparted additional brilliancy. The small patches of plain, among the long grass, most of them cultivated, and with mustard then in bloom, which induced the birds to feed, increased the beauty of the scene; and I speak within bounds when I assert that there could not be less than from twelve to fifteen hundred peafowls of various sizes within sight of the spot where I stood for near an hour."

Sir James Emerson Tennent also, in his work on Ceylon, tells us that in some of the unfrequented portions of the eastern province to which Europeans rarely resort, and where the peafowl is unmolested by the natives, their number is so extraordinary that regarded as game it ceases to be sport to destroy them; and their cries of early morning are so tumultuous and incessant as to banish sleep.

WHEN MY SHIP WENT DOWN.

I.

Sank a palace in the sea,
When my ship went down;
Friends whose hearts were gold to me—
Gifts that ne'er again can be—
'Neath the waters brown.
There you lie, O Ship, to-day,
In the sand-bar stiff and gray!
You who proudly sailed away
From the splendid town.

II.

Now the ocean's bitter cup
Meets your trembling lip;
Now your gilded halls look up
From Disaster's grip.
Ruin's nets around you weave;
But I have no time to grieve;
I will promptly, I believe,
Build another ship.—*Will Carleton.*

ONLY A BOY.

BY MARY AUGUSTA THURSTON.

"Well, Mark, my boy, how are you to-day?" said a gentleman, placing his hand upon the shoulder of a boy whose "thinking cap" must have covered his ears, for he started when he heard himself addressed and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir; did you speak to me?"

"I merely inquired concerning your health," answered the gentleman. "But what is the matter, Mark, are you in trouble?" he asked, as he noted the grave expression upon the boy's face.

Mark Driscomb's voice trembled as he replied,

"Only the old story, sir; father—"

"I understand," interrupted the clergyman, anxious to save Mark the pain of further explanation.

"Sometimes I feel as though it was no use trying to do what is right. Every thing goes wrong at home, and O, Mr. Foster! last night father struck mother!" cried the boy, covering his face with his hands and giving vent to the pent-up emotion which he had struggled so hard to repress.

"Has it come to that?" murmured the clergyman. Placing both hands upon Mark's shoulders, he said, "Don't give up yet, my boy. There is work for you to do; even though it be the eleventh hour, there is still hope."

"What can *I* do?" cried Mark, despairingly.

"A great deal," said Mr. Foster, earnestly. "Mere human aid will not save your father; go to the One who is ever ready to reach out his strong right hand to succor those who believe in him. The way will surely be made clear. I think of your mother, of her heart-aches and humiliations, and yet she has never ceased to pray to the Saviour who feedeth even the sparrows. Promise me that you will ask for aid."

"You make me feel ashamed, sir, when you talk like that. I *will* pray to God. I would not be my mother's child if I did not love and trust him, but sometimes—"

"I know that there are times when the heart grows weary," said Mr. Foster, as Mark hesitated. "That is the time to ask for strength, and rest assured, if you are earnest and patient, it will be given you. Remember, my boy, 'no cross, no crown.' Put your trust in him who says, 'Follow me, I am the way,' and the trust will not be betrayed. Be of good cheer, cling to the ray of hope which your Saviour will give you for a guiding light. I must leave you now, but I will pray earnestly that the one for whom your prayers are offered may be guided aright," concluded Mr. Foster, grasping Mark's hand sympathetically.

As Mark crossed the threshold of his home, a loud voice called out,

"It's about time you put in an appearance! Go up to Doyle's and get me ten cents' worth of whisky."

"Father, I cannot go there. Any thing else I will do willingly," said Mark, in a low tone.

"Why can't you go?" asked his father, angrily.

"Because it would be a sin for me to go there and get liquor for you," replied the boy, firmly.

"I'll teach you to disobey me!" cried the infuriated man.

Perhaps the expression in Mark's eyes stayed the uplifted hand, for, with an angry motion, the father let it fall to his side, at the same time exclaiming,

"I'll go for it myself. 'Tis the last time I'll ask a favor of *you!*"

Mark gazed sadly after the receding figure of his unnatural parent. Falling upon his knees he prayed long and earnestly for the way to be made clear.

The gentle pressure of a hand upon his shoulder caused him to spring to his feet, and putting his arms around the frail form of the mother who had suffered so much, he mingled his tears with the scalding drops that fell from eyes grown dim with weeping. With arms clasping each other, they prayed earnestly for the man who was plunging headlong toward destruction.

The school-house was nearly at hand, yet Mark lingered in the little garden. As he walked slowly to and fro along the pathway, his face wore a troubled expression. His hands were clasped tightly together, and every action betrayed the intensity of the emotion that surged through the boy's heart. His meditations were interrupted by the sound of voices.

There was a large factory situated several squares from Mark's home, and the men to whom the voices belonged were evidently employed there.

"I get mighty weak about noon-time," said one of the voices. "If I could get a good cup of coffee I'd be glad enough to keep away from Doyle's."

"My case exactly," said another voice. "I bring my dinner, but have got to get something to wash it down. I get into Doyle's with all the other boys, an' sometimes I spend a quarter before I get out. I've heard half a dozen of the fellows say that they spend enough money at Doyle's to keep all their children in shoes."

"Well, I guess that's so," replied the first voice. "My Billy's feet are on the ground. When pay-day came around I found that I owed Doyle two dollars and a half, an' so Billy had to go without his shoes. I've got to have somethin' to drink in the middle o' the day, that's settled!" concluded the speaker, emphatically.

Both men moved away still discussing the importance of having "somethin' to wash down their dinner."

Mark, with eyes cast down, remained motionless for a few minutes after the men had taken their departure. Suddenly he clapped his hands together and exclaimed,

"I'll do it! If I can't keep *all* the men away from Doyle's, some of them will be *sure* to stop going there; and, besides, perhaps I can make enough to help mother; then she will not have to work so hard."

Mark re-entered the house, and seeking his mother laid his project before her.

"It's a good plan, my son. You can rely on my assistance. Who knows," she murmured, "but it may prove the means of saving many a man from the effects of the evil that has ruined so many lives?"

"There is the money that Mr. Robbins paid me for running errands. I will take it and buy coffee, sugar, milk, and half a dozen tin cups. Come, mother, let us count the money," said Mark.

Mrs. Driscomb opened a bureau drawer, and taking therefrom a box, handed it to Mark, saying,

"There ought to be nearly a dollar."

Mark opened the lid of the box; he peered into it, he turned it upside down. "Why, mother," he cried in astonishment, "the box is empty!"

Mrs. Driscomb covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

"Even the mite earned by his child must go to that dreadful place!"

"Never mind, mother, dry your tears," said Mark, placing his arms tenderly around her neck. "There will be another way; I feel sure of it. Mr. Foster says that God will answer our prayers if we are in earnest and wait patiently. I keep saying, 'Help us, help us,' all the time, and somehow I feel as though God will answer."

A knock upon the door interrupted them.

"Ah, Mark, I am glad to find you at home," said a pleasant voice. "I will be very busy to-morrow. One of my clerks is down with a fever. Can you come to the store and remain all day? I will pay you seventy-five cents for the day's work."

"I will be glad to go, Mr. Robbins; thank you very much for asking me," replied Mark.

"There, mother!" cried the boy, "didn't I tell you that help would come? I'll get the coffee and sugar at Mr. Robbins's store; he will let me have the things at cost."

The next morning Mark was up with the lark, and as he walked briskly in the direction of Mr. Robbins's store his eyes brightened and his cheeks glowed as he thought of the good he might be able to accomplish.

"When he started for home in the evening he carried with him three pounds of coffee and an equal quantity of sugar.

"When I told Mr. Robbins about my plan he gave me half a dozen bright, new tin cups, and charged only twenty-five cents for the sugar and coffee," said Mark.

. . . . . .

The noon whistle at the factory sounded loud and clear. As the men descended the stairs and passed through the broad corridor they paused to look at a boy who stood near the outer door. Beside him, on the floor, stood a great tin kettle filled with some kind of steaming liquid.

"Come here, boys, an' get a whiff o' this stuff!" exclaimed a big, broad-shouldered workman. "What's the charge for a pint o' that?" he asked.

"Five cents, sir," was the reply.

"Here's yer five cents. Give us a cup brim full; 'twill save the time spent in walkin' to Doyle's," said the man.

"I'll be afther takin' a cup for the same rayson," said a brawny son of Erin.

"And I, and I, and I," chorused a dozen voices.

"This *is* coffee!" said one of the men, as he quaffed the contents of his cup.

"I'll be here every day at noon," said Mark, as he poured out the last cupful.

"I say, bub, you'd better bring another kettleful!" was the parting injunction given by one of the men.

. . . . . .

Time passed on and Doyle's customers fell off one by one.

"That boy o' yourn's tryin' to ruin me!" said Pat Doyle, wrathfully, as he shoved a glass half filled with whisky toward a figure standing at the bar.

"Trying to ruin you?" echoed the figure in an astonished tone.

"Yes, that's what I said," replied Pat. "The money spint by the men at the wurruks paid me rint. I'm two months behind owin' to me custhtomers dhroppin' off. It's all the fault av that spalpeen. He's been at the door av the fachtory dealin' out cups av coffee ivery day at noon these two months."

The man to whom Pat addressed his remarks paused with the glass half-way to his lips. As the proprietor of the saloon concluded the glass was slowly lowered and placed upon the counter, and without uttering a word the man turned and left the saloon.

"Is *that* the way money is earned to buy what *I* ought to

provide?" The man shivered as though seized with ague. How intensely he longed to go back and drink the fiery liquid left untouched upon the counter. He turned as if about to re-enter the saloon. The words, "He's been at the door av the fachtory dealin' out cups av coffee ivery day at noon these two months," seemed to stand before him in letters of fire.

"I'll not go there again," he muttered, turning his face resolutely away. "Mark selling coffee to men to save them from *my* fate, and to keep his mother and himself from starving? O, my boy, my boy! My shame is greater than I can bear!"

As the miserable man wended his way homeward the tempter whispered,

"Come, go back; Mark gets along very well. No need for *you* to deprive yourself of what you need. Come, you paid for the drink, it is waiting for you. See how you tremble! It will make you strong again."

All the way home John Driscomb fought the tempter. "Get thee behind me, Satan!" he cried in his agony of spirit. "I *cannot* pray. I cannot ask God to help me. I am a stranger to him!"

It was night when he entered the cottage. All was silent. Presently the low murmur of a voice reached him. With a weary sigh he moved toward the door of the room from whence the sound proceeded. He paused as he heard the following words:

"God has been so good to mother and me. O how happy we might be if he would bring father back to us! O God! save father, for Jesus' sake!"

The door turned silently upon its hinges, and the father, whose heart had been wrung by the words of supplication which fell from the lips of his child, crossed the floor, and sank upon his knees by the side of the boy.

"Father!"

A whole volume of unspoken gratitude lingered in the name as it fell softly from the lips of the kneeling boy.

"Pray for me, child, I cannot!" pleaded the father.

When the wife and mother entered the room she found them still upon their knees. Who can portray the joy that filled the heart of the woman who had been worse than widowed?

The change was slow but sure. Many hard battles were fought, and many times, but for the saving help of divine grace, poor weak humanity would have been conquered by the tempter. John Driscomb fought bravely until at last, encouraged by the blessed assurance, "Ask, and ye shall receive," the man whose life had been so nearly wrecked was able to exclaim,

> "How safe, how calm, how satisfied
> The soul that clings to thee!"

"Let the good work go on," said Mr. Foster, when he heard of Mark's noble efforts to weaken the influence of the widespread evil. "His example will bear fruit in the years to come, and demonstrate to many a youth the fact that, though *only a boy*, he, too, can be a worker in the good cause, and perhaps by *his* efforts bring sunlight into many homes now darkened by the shadow of intemperance."

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS.

BY MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.

Part I.

THE most charming and instructive entertainment I have ever seen for children, or even for grown people, is the "Japanese Village." In New York, one hundred and twenty thousand people visited it, and in Boston, sixty thousand. Now it is only fair to estimate one quarter of these as children, and any boy or girl who reads this can easily see that about forty-five thousand children have been to see how the Japanese really live, and make the pretty things with which we all are so familiar. If so many children are interested in this exhibition in these two cities alone, certainly there must be many more scattered over the whole United States who are equally interested and yet may not have the chance to see for themselves.

It was a very bright idea of a gentleman by the name of Deakin to bring this little settlement of workers over here to show us how they live and work. The Japanese themselves seem as pleased to see us as we are to see them. They are a happy, merry set of people, learning English very fast and showing much good-nature and patience with inquisitive visitors. A large hall is fitted up with many raised platforms, decorated with lanterns and other Japanese ornaments. On these platforms sit or squat the workers. They have very little to work with, and, while they seem painstaking, their work does not appear a labor to them.

The first thing to see as we enter the hall is the toy-maker. I was puzzled at first to find out what these toys were made of. A man squatted on the platform with a little pointed stick in his hand, an old rag to wipe the stick, and several bits of what looked like colored wax lay on the floor in front of him. But it was not wax. It was rice, boiled until very soft, mashed and then colored. The man is called the *Shinko Zaiker*, which, I presume, means toy-maker, and in Japan is always followed by a crowd of children, and I do not wonder at it. He rolls these little balls of rice in his fingers and pokes them with his stick, and in a moment they turn into a bird or a fruit. He then places it on a little bit of thin board provided for the purpose. When it hardens it is ready to amuse the little ones, and is one of the cheap toys of Japan. I was very much interested in seeing him at work one day. I think he was making the fruit of the passion flower. He molded with his fingers a bit of red rice until it was as round as he wished. Then he covered it with a greenish layer of rice, spreading it on very evenly with his thumbs. Next he took his stick and cut down a quarter, turning it back as we do a bit of orange peel. This he marked very deftly with his stick into seeds and the fruit was done. I do not see why our little children cannot undertake this branch of the work and become very expert. A little coloring matter is all they need have that is not usually to be found in the house. This is cleaner than clay molding, and equally as entertaining. The man himself in his Japanese costume, with hair close cut and smooth face, sat on his heels and paid very little attention to his work, but nodded and smiled at the people around him.

Some of the Japanese are married, and four little women who serve tea in tiny cups, such as we have seen for sale every-where, have husbands among the workmen. A platform was raised high at one end of the hall and fitted up as a bamboo house, hung with ornaments and carpeted with the heavy soft mats always in use in Japanese houses. These women squat around a brazier of coals with tea-kettle like our own. There they steep their tea and offer it to their guests. The tea is very light-colored and looks weak, but one taste showed it was strong enough. It is served without milk or sugar. One or two of them are quite pretty, even according to our ideas, and their soft, bright, pretty dresses, added to their graceful manners, made the little tea-house quite attractive. They kindly wrote their names for me, and pretty Yasu, of whom I will tell you more, wrote down their names in English letters. They are wide-awake, these little Japanese women, and laugh and talk among themselves most merrily. They do not fancy talking of their family affairs to strangers, and one of them was quite angry the other day because a lady asked her if she were not very young to be married. She does not look more than fifteen or sixteen. But in another moment her attention was attracted by the lady's shopping-bag, which was embroidered in iridescent beads. "O pretty, pretty!" she exclaimed, and called the others to look. She was like a child in her admiration. The lady showed her the other side of the bag, on which was a group of purple violets. "No, no," said they, rather disdainfully, and turning it over repeated in concert, "Pretty, pretty!"

The hair of these women always attracts attention. They have very black hair, and I think it must be stiffened by some simple preparation like bandoline. Every two days one of the women attached to the village dresses the hair and puts it in puffs and cushions wonderful to behold. Then one or more long fancy pins are run through it for ornament. But it is a wonder to us how the hair is kept so smooth and nice. At night these little strangers do not bury their heads in soft pillows as we do, but rest the neck and lower part of the head only on a hard block of wood. Pretty Yasu had her hair dressed in this way, but I fancy the hair-dresser has to do it for her every day, as she told me she could not use one of the hard pillows.

Yasu is a Japanese girl married to a Swede, and she speaks at least five languages well. The picture she kindly gave me looks like her, but is not as pretty. She has a bright, taking way with her and seems to be a favorite with all the members of the village, laughing and chatting in a way pretty to see. She must be witty too, for invariably she can make the different workmen burst into as loud peals of laughter as Japanese etiquette allows. She is not inclined to talk much of herself, but told me she was educated among foreigners, and had lived among them from the time she was four years old. She always has worn European dress until she joined these people, but says she thinks the Japanese dress more comfortable. One of the women of the tea-house said the same thing, but added, "I like the dress of the foreign gentlemen."

I saw several children. I think there are four, besides the babies. The children are pretty much like our young folks here—bright, intelligent boys, and one rather pretty little girl. I should think they would all be spoiled, for the visitors pet them very much, feeding them with cakes and candies, and admiring them very openly. They understand much more English than their visitors think. The children are dressed in Japanese dress, and have fastened in front long ribbons of soft white paper. This paper they use for making spit-balls and amuse themselves by pelting each other. So you see they are not very unlike some little American boys and girls; only in Japan the paper is provided, and evidently that sport is encouraged, while we here do not think it the neatest sport for our young folks. Perhaps my readers do not know that in Japan the people take these strips of paper with prayers written on them, and making them into spit-balls pelt the image of Buddha. This is their way of worship.

One afternoon this little girl was so busy with her play that she would not stop to answer a question which a gentleman asked her. When she did answer her mouth was so full she could not speak plainly. A lady near by seeing a bit of the paper sticking out from her mouth snatched it. "Stop it," said the little thing in a temper and stamping her foot. Another day, when she was in her prettiest mood, a little American boy about her own size admired her very much and tried to kiss her. She turned on him in a passion and slapped his face. Among themselves they are very civil, and rarely speak an unkind word.

I heard a funny true story of some school-girls who visited the village. They were full of mischief and wide-awake curiosity. One of them listened to a conversation between the workmen. Presently one man said to another, "*Warui kodomo*," and then both laughed merrily. Some time after, the school-girl found the children playing and thought she would "try it on," as the boys say. So she saluted the little boy, "*Warui kodomo*," and to her surprise the little fellow looked cross and replied very quickly, "Shut up." This was rather a rebuff, but, nothing daunted, she hunted up pretty Yasu, who quickly explained that she had called him a "bad child." The bright little school-girl was not to be discouraged. She found out the word for "darling," and when the baby in its mother's arms came around, she addressed it as "*Kawairashii*," much to the delight of the mother and the amusement of her school-girl friends. The babies look just like the Japanese dolls we play with, and I was tempted to look and see if the head really moved in a socket.

THE CRUISE OF THE SEA-BIRD.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

HOUSE-CLEANING—that domestic upheaval so dreaded by the older members of the family—brings unbounded delight to the heart of the small boy. Strange things are discovered in closets and attic, and many a boyish treasure does the young bandit seize in his eager and uncleanly clutch. The very disorder is to him a charming novelty, and the irregular meals served in a haphazard way remind him of "camping out."

But what is "house-cleaning" compared with "fixing over the house?" If the small boy is busy during the former semi-annual ceremony what shall we say of his pressing engagements when the latter utterly revolutionary movement is in progress? There are carpenters to be watched, and asked questions, and induced to lend tools; and plumbers to be helped and directed; and plasterers who want their mortar and plaster mixed; and architects who will feel hurt if some one doesn't inquire why every thing is done just as it is, and whether the house will be done next week or the week after, or the week after that. Who but the small boy can attend to all these matters and have time to spare? Then there are the great piles of stone, and brick, and boards, the window-frames and doors which have been torn from the old house, odds and ends of every description—all lying about in bewildering confusion, and mutely appealing to be "made into something." The writer speaks feelingly of these things, for it was not many years ago that he was a small boy under the very circumstances that have been described, and he is going to tell about a boat that was made from a pile of rubbish—a boat which, though it was never launched, carried its boy crew on many an imaginary voyage.

We were sitting on a carpenter's bench in the back yard, "Sandy," Rex, and I. It was vacation, and the workmen having expressed an intention to strike if we didn't give them at least an hour's rest, we sat dangling our feet and trying to think of something to do. Suddenly "Sandy," also known as "Brick-top," out of respect to his fiery red locks, startled us with an exclamation:

"I say, fellows, look at that double winder-frame."

"I see it," said Rex; "looks 'bout the same as it did last week or the week before, don't it?"

"Let up your foolin'. Those winders look just like the engine-room winders on that yacht I saw at Wood Lake. S'pose we make a boat."

"Good plan, 'Bricky,'" replied Rex. "I saw in the paper that the sea-shore was wearin' away a quarter of an inch a year. It's only fifteen miles to the coast, an' when we finish our boat all we've got to do is to set and wait for the sea to get here, and then shove her in. It's a great scheme, 'Sandy,' an' I like it 'cause it's so reasonable."

"Sandy" was getting angry, and his face began to match his hair. I tried to smooth matters over a little by pushing Rex off the bench, and telling him to give "Sandy" a chance.

"What I mean," said "Sandy," "is to make a play-boat out of all this old truck. We can have lots of fun building it, and then fool with it afterward."

It was an attractive prospect. Ideas came rushing in upon us thick and fast, and discussion long and earnest followed. It is useless to give the details of our original plan, and the changes and development which it underwent as the work progressed. It will suffice to describe the land steamer when she was completed after a week's hard work.

The hull of the *Sea-bird*, named in honor of a boat owned by a distant relative of "Sandy," was about thirty feet long, and was composed of boards nailed to posts that were driven firmly in the ground. We marked out a deck plan in the grass, and drove the posts on these curved lines so that the effect was that of a boat buried up to her water-line in the lawn.

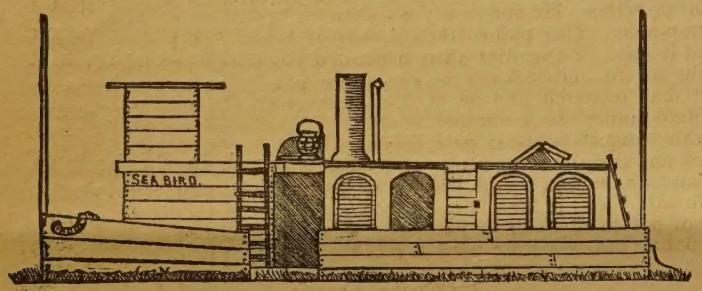
A deck of heavy boards covered the grass inside the bul-

warks. About amid-ships we built the engine-room, the sides of which were formed by the double window-frames which had suggested the bright idea to the fertile brain of "Sandy."

The room was completed by wooden partitions or bulkheads "fore" and "aft" (we used nautical terms profusely on all occasions), and a roof in which a large window-sash, with the glass unbroken, served as a sky-light.

Forward of the engine-room was a large cabin, or saloon. There were benches along both sides of this room, and a long table in the middle. Book-shelves fastened to the "bulkhead" contained a library of sea stories and an exceedingly back-number Nautical Almanac. Prints of yachts and steamers, together with marine scenes from the illustrated newspapers, adorned the walls. A swinging lamp suspended above the table was provided with guy-cords in case of rough weather—an earthquake, or any other violent commotion. A German silver castor, containing three fly-specked and superannuated bottles, shared the accommodations of a small swinging shelf with five tumblers of assorted sizes and of varying degrees of imperfection. On a dark night, when the lamp was lighted, we used to think the saloon a particularly snug and ship-shape apartment.

On the hurricane deck, which was formed by the roof of the saloon and reached by a ladder fastened to the side of the cabin, was the pilot-house, which contained an old baby-carriage wheel, and commanded an unobstructed view of a fence and a side street.



Back of the engine-room was another room made from two more double window-frames and provided with a large sky-light. This was the "galley," and a small cook-stove, brought from home by "Sandy" (after dark, and no questions asked), was about all the furniture the place could accommodate. A saucepan, coffee-pot, and a few other simple utensils hung upon pegs along the walls.

An old paint-keg on the deck at the stern served as a "water-butt," and although no one was ever known to drink any of its dubious contents, whenever shipwreck was feared—an hourly occurrence—the greatest solicitude was betrayed for the safety of this same oily receptacle.

I have left the engine-room to be described last because it was the center of attraction for all the crew. We had a real fire and real steam—no play about that, even if the boat was permanently aground.

We built a furnace of brick, and on the top put a large tin paint-can with a length of water-conductor soldered into it for an escape pipe. A piece of stove-pipe led from the back of the fire-box through the roof and connected with an inverted drain-pipe, which made a stately and substantial smoke-stack. We covered the whole furnace with mortar and cement, which made it strong and tight. The grate was high and the draught all that could be desired. It did our hearts good to watch the blue smoke roll from the stack, and after a while to see the steam curl out of the escape-pipe.

I was captain at first, and strutted about the hurricane deck swelling with pride, while envious urchins hung on the fence and begged to be admitted. As I watched the smoke rush from the stack I thought how much pleasanter it was to be fireman, and went down and "swapped" my high position for the humblest on board. Then when the pleasant odors were wafted to me from the galley, I thought of the glorious life and experimenting opportunities of a cook compared with the drudgery of a fireman's lot. I was soon turning flap-jacks in the galley. However, when I came to serve the captain's supper in the saloon, I rebelled and bravely said I wouldn't let them play if I couldn't have my old place. I could say with the man in the song, though in a different sense,

'I was captain, crew, and boatswain too."

Space is lacking to describe all our voyages and adventures. We tried serving meals to school-boys at five cents a head, and stopped only when we found that it cost us ten cents for each person, and we might as well open a soup-house and be done with it. We spent whole afternoons and evenings without leaving the boat, and it was a fixed rule that no one should go "ashore" unless the anchor—a stone fastened to a piece of clothes-line—was down.

I shall never forget the last cruise we took in the *Sea-bird*. We had been troubled because the smoke wasn't black enough. Wood burned well, but gave only a faint blue smoke. Rex solved the problem. There had been an old tar and gravel roof torn up, and the tar-paper and solid pieces of tar lay in a pile under some boards. Rex brought a bit of the paper and put it in the furnace. It burned quickly and black smoke appeared at the chimney top. The discovery was made about noon, and we resolved to "coal up" for a half-day's run.

About one o'clock we weighed anchor and got under way. We were after a pirate that afternoon. "A long, low, rakish craft," of course, was soon discovered by the aid of an old bottle, and we started in pursuit under full head of steam.

"Sandy" was fireman, and the way he piled in the tar-paper was a caution. The smoke poured in dense volumes from the funnel and mounted high in the air. It was an exciting moment. I paced the deck rapidly, and repeatedly looked down the street through my bottle, and shouted to "Sandy" to "give her another turn."

Blacker and blacker rolled the smoke. Now and then I could see a tongue of flame at the top of the stack. I was delighted, and went below to look into the engine-room. "Sandy" had the furnace chock full, and was stuffing in the chunks of tar as fast as there was room for them. The steam was hissing pleasantly in the boiler. It was glorious.

All at once we heard a well-known sound—the city fire-bell. Our first impulse was to run to the fire, but I controlled myself and shouted:

"Stick to your posts like men. Don't leave the ship."

I had hardly spoken when I heard the regular gong-beats of a steamer, and saw it come dashing around the corner. It flashed upon me all at once.

"They're after us," I shouted, and without the formality of coming to anchor I jumped overboard, and with my gallant crew at my heels started for "Sandy's" stable in the middle of the block.

We didn't come down from the loft until we heard the engines go back to their houses, and when we did return the *Sea-bird* had been sadly wrecked indeed. It was torn down by the cruel hooks, and a couple of pails of water had quenched our roaring fire.

"Well, it's kind o' nice to have it end with a real wreck, an' besides, the fun was 'most played out," said Rex.

We agreed with him, and after a few days the wreck of the *Sea-bird* was carted away, and nothing remained but the recollection of a jolly fortnight, of which I still think with pleasure and amusement.

A DUTIFUL DOG.

A CANADIAN paper adds another to the long list of instances which show how the canine instinct approaches human intelligence:

A lad was crossing the fields in the country, some distance from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a large and fierce dog belonging to the gentleman whose land he was crossing. The lad was alarmed, and ran for his life. He struck into a piece of woods, and the dog gained on him, when he looked around to see how near the creature was, and, tumbling over a stone, he pitched over a precipice and broke his leg.

Unable to move, and at the mercy of the beast, the poor fellow saw the dog coming down upon him, and expected to be seized and torn, when, to his surprise, the dog came near, and, perceiving the boy was hurt, instantly wheeled about and went for that aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within reach of the child's voice, and he must have perished there or have dragged his broken limb along and destroyed it, so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog had not brought help. The dog went off to the nearest house and barked for help. Not receiving attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then to the house, there making such demonstrations of anxiety that the family followed him to the place where the child lay.

THE INDIANS AT CARLISLE.

IN the little paper published at the school for Indian youth at Carlisle, Pa., a page is devoted to extracts from the letters which the children have written to their relatives in the Indian country. These "young Americans" do not hesitate to speak their thoughts, as these words about Congress will very well show:

I suppose you have read some of the speeches the Congressmen were making about our school. Our boys can make just as good speeches as some white people can. They speak with such force and can put all the words in their proper places. I suppose some of the girls might talk well, too, but we always wait until we get out of chapel and then discuss the question among ourselves. I think if those men at Washington would take a few doses of our medicine it would set their thinking machines going all right again.

Another extract gives an insight into the teachings of the institution:

Father, I will tell you some things about this school, things that we do. The boys work in the different shops, such as the carpenter, where they learn to make tables, chairs, houses, fix up fences and learn to plane boards. In the blacksmith shop the boys learn to make wagons, shoe horses, fix up broken plows, harrows, etc. The tailors make boys' suits. The shoe-makers make boots, shoes, and do repairing. The harness-makers make harness that would do for farmers or livery stables. In the tin-shop they make cups, coffee-boilers, tin-plates, stove-pipes, tin roofs, water-spouts, and so forth. In the paint-shop the boys learn how to paint houses, wagons, fix up broken windows, and all that. Now some of our boys are going to learn how to make bricks.

The girls are learning to make dresses, knit stockings, wash, iron, cook, and some of them are learning to be teachers. These are the most important things, but there are a great many others which I did not mention, such as farming, white-washing, carrying ashes, working in the stables, hauling coal, and many more things which I cannot think of to tell you.

NEWSPAPERS.

A NEWSPAPER directory lately published furnishes many curious facts about American journalism. They are all worth noting, and some of them ought to be of use to brighten up that old school essay on newspapers which every boy writes at some time in his life:

There are seven hundred religious and denominational newspapers published in the United States, and nearly one third of them are printed in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago. New York is far ahead in this respect, but Chicago leads Boston. Three newspapers are devoted to the silk-worm, six to the honey-bee, and not less than thirty-two to poultry. The dentists have eighteen journals, the short-hand writers nine, and the deaf and dumb and blind nineteen. There are three publications exclusively devoted to philately (postage stamp collecting), and one to dancing. The Prohibitionists have one hundred and twenty-nine organs to the liquor dealers' eight. The woman suffragists have seven, the candy-makers three. Gastronomy is represented by three papers, gas by two. There are about six hundred newspapers printed in German, and forty-two in French. The towns which have most French periodicals are New York, New Orleans, and Worcester, Mass.—four apiece. There are more Swedish prints than French. Two daily newspapers are printed in the Bohemian tongue. The worst names are found among the Polish, Finnish, and Welsh press; for instance, the "Dzienwiety," and the "Przjaciel Ludi," of Chicago; the "Lhdyswalta in Sanomat," of Ohio; and the "Y Wawr," of Utica, N. Y. There is one Gaelic publication, one Hebrew, one Chinese, and one in the Cherokee language.

DEAD LETTERS.

No magical wishing sack ever produced a more varied collection of articles than were taken from U. S. mail bags during the last twelve months. The list of unclaimed articles advertised for sale at the Dead Letter Office includes 3,200 miscellaneous lots, 1,929 books, and 74 pieces of jewelry. The following are among some of the miscellaneous dead letters:

Pair of blue goggles, imitation meerschaum pipe, artificial flowers, sheet music, automatic tooth-pick, pair gentleman's spiked shoes, plug tobacco, broken concertina, hair crimpers, bass-viol string, spy-glass, two ladies' wool fascinators, blue veil, scent bottle, chimney cleaner, potato masher, rubber coat, tidy, hair-front and curls, puzzle, rubber circular, tuning fork, butcher's apron, rosary, sewing-machine attachment, Waterbury watch, pack playing cards, moth-eaten flannel jacket, cheviot shirt, corkscrews, conductor's punch, dairy thermometer, cigar box opener, revolver, crucifix, rein-holder, paper dolls, white plume, roller skates, fancy banner, box of damaged coffin tacks, rawhide attachments, Christmas tree candlesticks, bee fumigator, harness trimmings, lemon squeezer, birds' eggs, soap, mouse-trap, monkey-wrench, small clock, three tanned goatskins, magnets, charms, fourteen packs of cigarettes, and an accordion.

POTATO BLOSSOMS.

WHAT the modern housewife or the Colorado beetle would do for a dinner if it were not for the ever-present and always-palatable potato is a mystery. Yet the newly discovered tuber had a hard struggle to have its rights in the kitchen recognized. A correspondent of the "Chicago Tribune" notes a celebration in France which nearly concerns our old friend:

The town of Montdidier is *en fête* for a fortnight. What for? In honor, they say, of the centenary of Parmentier. Really it is the centenary of the achievement which made him famous. And what was that? The introduction of the potato into France. Indeed, that was no small task either. The obstacles in the way were great, and the benefits that have resulted are enormous. Long before Parmentier's birth Sir Walter Raleigh planted the potato in Ireland, and the vegetable became a favorite article of food throughout Great Britain. But Frenchmen would have nothing to do with potatoes, believing they gave leprosy to those who ate them. The clergy anathematized the tubers because they came from heretic England. The wits made countless jokes on the subject, and the court favorites claimed that it was treason to plant a strange root on the soil of France. But this man Parmentier at last overcame the prejudice. He was a humble apothecary in the king's service, and in a flower-pot in his room he kept a potato-plant growing. He constantly wore one of its homely blossoms in his button-hole. This piqued the curiosity of Louis XIV., who inquired what it was. Parmentier then descanted eloquently upon the virtues of the potato, and induced the king to eat one. "Indeed, it is good," said that monarch, and he at once authorized Parmentier to give a "potato dinner" to a number of the leading scientific men of France. At this banquet potatoes were served cooked in thirty-three different ways, and the guests were constrained to admit that they were palatable and wholesome. Still, society would not recognize the new vegetable until the king himself appeared in public at Versailles with a nosegay of potato-blossoms on his coat. That accomplished its object, and the potato has ever since been as much at home in France as the grape.

SACRED MUSIC.

IN a recent address on the necessity of music, and good music, in connection with Church worship, Mr. Moody said that during his work in Glasgow a few years ago some nine hundred men—mostly drinking men—were converted. When he was about to leave, the problem arose how to keep these men straight. Mr. Moody said, "Form a choir," and accordingly notice was given to all singers to meet in the Tabernacle to organize a singing band. Over four hundred appeared. They were set to singing, and, says Mr. Moody, "it was the worst singing that I ever heard. Tin pans were nothing to it for discord. But these men continued to meet Saturday afternoons for practice, and at the time of my last visit to Glasgow their singing was grand. There were not four buildings in the city which, put together, could hold the crowd attracted by the magnificent harmony of those four hundred manly voices."

Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, closed a recent sermon on Church music with the following words:

I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman singing the "Marseillaise Hymn" on the Champs Elysées, Paris, just after the battle of Sedan. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since as that with which he sang that national air. O, how the Frenchmen shouted! Have you ever, in an English assemblage, heard a band play "God Save the Queen?" If you have you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air.

Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of Jesus Christ and of the kingdom of heaven. When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of them one day, and gave out the long meter doxology to the tune of "Old Hundred," and the great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion, joined in the doxology:

> "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
> Praise him, all creatures here below;
> Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. O, men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory!

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

THE special meetings in ——— Church began according to the pastor's announcement. An evangelist who had both taste and common sense to balance an earnest heart came to the pastor's assistance. There were special services held every day. A morning Bible reading and prayer-meeting, an afternoon meeting for children and youth, and an evening sermon, followed by altar service or inquiry meeting. For six weeks—well into the summer—this series continued. Three meetings were held not every day, but there were for the six weeks many more meetings than usual. There was little objectionable demonstration and no excessive excitement. Sixty persons, some old, some young, became "probationers;" a large number of backsliders were reclaimed, and the Church was quickened. Our interest centers not in the Church, but in the home of Herbert and Hattie and their father.

HERBERT'S scorn grew apace with the increase of popular interest in the meetings. When the general character of the services came under discussion in the stores, street-cars, and parlors of the place, Herbert took sides in a most lordly manner against the "fanaticism of the evangelists," and reported at table in an irritating way what was said by Mr. Soandso and Mrs. This or That, putting into their unfavorable remarks all the contempt that could find escape under the shadow of his callow mustache. At first he grieved and then almost enraged his sister, who had a very human heart and a high sense of justice along with simplicity of faith and a true reverence for holy things. She held her peace, however, and allowed Herbert to talk and sneer and lay up fuel for flame of repentance later on. He said so much and recurred to the subject so frequently that his father one day remarked, "I shall expect to see you a ranting saint some day, my son; you fight like Saul of Tarsus."

"WHAT I hate is the excitement," remarked Herbert, one morning at breakfast. "What excitement?" asked Hattie. "That revival excitement. I was in a while last evening. I think it outrageous to make such a row over religion." Hattie answered in her quiet way, "I was there last night, but discovered no excessive demonstration. I thought the meeting very quiet indeed." "I am sure," answered Herbert, "that the preacher was very much warmed up. And he said some extravagant things." "None of which I can recall," replied his sister. "The sermon was clear, convincing, practical, and strong." Aunt Sarah ventured in her mild way to ask Herbert if he "had really found as much excitement as he expected;" and his father, who was not a little impressed by the sermon of last evening and much hurt at Herbert's unreasonableness, added, "And would you not have liked it a little better if there had been more noise and demonstration? Would you not have been gratified by some absurd occurrence which you might have reported here this morning? I frankly confess," continued his father, "there was nothing to which I could possibly take exception last night. There was no noise. There was no interruption at any moment of any speaker or leader in prayer. My son, are you a slave to prejudice?" Herbert being in the minority, even his father having deserted him, and being compelled to confess to himself (never so quietly) that he was a little prejudiced, dropped the subject for the time, and the family was scattered for the work of the day.

HERBERT S. TOPATOME was ill at ease. Underneath his gay exterior and dashing manner Herbert had a conscience. He knew the "letter" of the Holy Scriptures, and had caught glimpses of its spiritual meanings. His mother had placed her dying hand on his head and spoken a few very solemn words to him, which had been well-nigh forgotten in the whirl of society and the imperious demands of business. His father's indifference had deadened his religious sensibilities. He believed theoretically in religion, but in religion as an actual factor in every-day life he had no interest. It was good for Sundays, good for Church services, good for sick-rooms, good for women, and good for funerals, but he preferred religion in books and sermons and sacraments, and did not want it to interfere with his fun, occupy his time, head him off from social indulgencies of every kind, or in any way come in between Herbert and Herbert's self-gratification. He sometimes regretted that his father was a Methodist. "I wish our family had been something else," he said. "I wish we were Episcopalians. They don't care what young people do. But Methodists are so fearfully strict and exacting." Then came to him the picture of his dying mother; her white face and wonderful smile; the tones of her voice so remarkably sweet and clear; the words of pleading she uttered, and then the last glance from the closing eyes, a sudden smile, a breath, a silence—O, how long that silence! Herbert remembered that she had been a Methodist, liberal, high-minded, patient, refined, self-sacrificing, fond of her own Church, and in fullest sympathy with its spirit and regulations. Thus his mother held him to the Church of her youth and age. Mothers do have this power of control. It does not end when they fall asleep and go into their graves. Indeed, mother is sometimes most eloquent and her influence most effective after her lips are sealed in death. It is a great thing to be a true mother. It is a great thing for the Church where mothers are loyal to it. These facts and reflections will prepare us to appreciate the struggles in Herbert's soul as he shut the door of his home that morning and hurried down town to forget, in the excitement of business, himself and his "morbid feelings" and the irritating conviction of the breakfast table.

MR. BRAND, the teller in Mr. Topatome's bank, who had always sympathized with Herbert's dislike for "obtrusive, demonstrative, and experimental religion," had himself been at the meeting the night before, and had "risen for prayers" and had stayed to the "after-meeting." He had been powerfully impressed by the arguments and appeals of the evangelist, and had taken a step which he had thought he could never under any circumstances take. He had yielded to the inner voice, had openly proclaimed his unrest of soul, and had professed

a desire to come out before the world as a seeker of the Christ-like spirit. By a very rapid movement of thought and will, under the divine guidance, he had come out of darkness into light. His convictions were sharp, his desire genuine, his resolve prompt and positive, his faith simple; and before ten o'clock that evening Brand, the captious and worldly, full of doubt and fond of caviling, had been brought into the clear light of a religious experience. He said to the minister after the meeting: "It is all wonderful to me. I doubted, but now I believe; I scoffed, but now I praise; I knew in a general way the truths of the Gospel, but they never took hold of me as they have to-night, and now I shall live for higher objects. I am through with doubt and self-gratification. I am through with the indulgences which the Church and the world both call worldly, and I am determined, by God's help, to live for something worthy of the immortal soul." These were words of honesty and of sharp conviction. Brand meant what he said, and when Herbert S. Topatome came into the bank the morning after, he was surprised at the greeting given him by the teller. "Are you crazy, Brand?" he asked. "WILD!" said Brand. "I believe I could go shouting through these streets this morning." And the smile on his face quickly told Herbert that his old companion had found "peace." Somehow the smile reminded Herbert of his mother's smile when she lay with the gates of heaven opening above her. To parry the stroke which Brand's new movement had aimed at Herbert, the young fellow asked, "Are you beside yourself, Brand?" He did not wait for an answer. In his inmost soul he coveted the peace that Brand had found; but his nature was full of resistance and pride, and in that soil "objections do most rankly grow." We cannot finish the story this week.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for June 20, 1886. JESUS AND ABRAHAM.—John 8. 31–38, 44–59.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 8. 56.

PREFATORY. The KING is in his own city—the "City of David," the "Holy City"—Jerusalem. He is among his own, contending, condemning, reasoning. The people who ought to accept every word he speaks misunderstand and assail him. He stands in the midst like a rock that the surging waters cannot shake, true to the Jewish history, true to the Jewish theology, true to the God of their fathers. And the people who ought to accept his words and follow him take up "stones to cast at him."

INTERROGATORY. What test of true discipleship did Jesus apply in verse 31? What promise did he give in verse 32? Why did the Jews resent the thought of being *made* free? How did Jesus prove that they were not free? What two families does he refer to in verse 38? Read carefully the severe charge which he makes in verses 44–47. What bold contrast does he present in verse 47? What did Jesus mean by the statement of verse 51? How did the Jews try to prove that Jesus was under the dominion of the devil? Give his answer. How do you understand verses 57 and 58? Would it have been better not to speak so harshly to them? If verse 58 contains the truth, what conclusions do you draw about Jesus?

HOMILY. The Jews were sensitive about their ancestors. They were proud of their blood and liked to go back to the great men of their past. They boasted about Abraham. The aristocracy of family and the successions of priesthoods are made much of by certain people. It is a great thing to be a son of A., who was the son of B., who was the son of C. Well, there is something in a good ancestry, but, as some one has said, it is better to be the first than to be the last of a good line; and it does not follow that, because grandfather was a sage, grandson will not be a simpleton. The seed of Abraham may be a child of Satan. The Jews boasted of their relation to Abraham centuries before, but in fact they themselves were as little like Abraham as it was possible for men to be. They were "servants of sin," and not sons of God. They were as to the body descendants of Abraham, but as to the spirit belonged to the devil.

What bold words Jesus did speak! Bold and stinging words are sometimes justifiable. He had a right to talk as he did. In his mouth the words "devil," "murderer," and "liar" seem proper enough. In court the other day when Recorder Smythe spoke his cutting words to Most the anarchist, when pronouncing his sentence, the judge said what it would not have been proper for another man to say. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." They who rule may pronounce official sentence of wrath. Let us remember that God is just, that he hates and declares against sin, and that when the severest epithets have been hurled at the sinner they do not express all the wrath of God against his course.

The Jews could not see that Jesus was claiming a life before his bodily life, so that he himself was before Abraham and that Abraham knew him and rejoiced in his coming to the earth. This was blasphemy, indeed, in their sight. If their eyes had been opened they would have seen in this man Jesus their own long-expected Messiah, the divine, pre-existent, Eternal ONE. But in the presence of this glorious, spotless, and everlasting king, the God of Abraham, the long-expected Redeemer of the world—in his presence they "took up stones to cast at him."

PRAYER. O Lord, save us from boasting in man! Save us from blindness of heart! Save us from bondage to sin! Give us a vision of the eternal Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and make us free with the freedom of His grace. Amen.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That manual training should form part of the public-school course.

Arguments for the Affirmative.

No. 5.—School-life to-day is to most scholars a monotonous affair. To introduce manual training would be to break this monotony, give the pupils the much-needed exercise, making them healthier and happier, and would afford an incentive to them which would greatly increase the average attendance. That a boy can learn to use the plane, and a girl the needle, with great proficiency has been verified by the few industrial schools now in existence.

The graduate would then be prepared to enter into business without serving an apprenticeship. To the question always asked, "Have you had experience?" he would not be compelled to answer in the negative, as the majority of boys do now. F. W. L.

No. 6.—Industrial or manual training in our public schools would be a valuable element in preserving the social status of this country from the foreign caste ideas which are as false as they are fashionable, as dangerous as they are despicable.

By the introduction of this practical study, manual labor would be dignified.

The son of the millionaire and of the day laborer working at the same bench would be brought closer together. Each would look at work in a new light, and both would feel that manual labor might be made a noble and inspiring thing.

Let us have the hammer, the saw, and the chisel, as well as the pen, the ruler and the copy-book in the public schools of America.

No. 7.—I believe that manual training should form part of the public school course, for the reasons that,

1. It would be a great advantage to the children of poor parents to at least get the elements of a trade at school, and as the public schools are to teach the children what will be of most use to them in after life, why should they not acquire as much as possible of this useful branch, or collection of branches?

2. If the children's parents were so situated that they would not need to learn a trade, it would be a great advantage to know how to handle a saw, a chisel, or an anvil and horseshoe, even if they were ministers, doctors, or lawyers.

3. Children often overwork in school, using their mental powers too much, and the physical exercise gotten from manual training would afford variety, rest, and, consequently, better health.

4. Learning some trade in school along with other sciences would be a great saving of time, in after life, to those pupils who might be obliged to toil for years as apprentices, or under-workmen, after graduating from the public school.

5. If all children, rich and poor alike, were taught to do the "commonest" work, it would elevate the standard of labor in the eyes of both classes, thus probably indirectly lessening the labor troubles now agitating this country.

6. If when young, boys and girls were allowed to work with tools and machines, their talents would be developed as those of Robert Fulton and Smeaton had little chance to be, and there would be less trouble with the pupils in their each settling on a vocation when the boys and girls became men and women.

7. If those who studied higher mathematics, physics, etc., also were trained in mechanics, the combinations of these branches might help them to useful inventions and discoveries in both lines.

R. M. ALDEN.

Negative arguments should be sent to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before June 12 or June 19, 1886.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

Ante-Communion Service.*

[According to the provisions of the Oxford League: "A regular meeting shall be held each quarter before and within eight days of the public administration of the Lord's Supper in the church with which the League is connected, and a service preparatory to the Communion shall be held, designed to place greater emphasis upon this divine sacrament, to exalt the doctrines which it represents, and to increase the reverence, devotion, and spiritual strength and comfort of youthful believers." This meeting may be held at any place and time agreed upon, and the service should be conducted by the pastor or the "Leader of the League," or other person by the pastor appointed.]

ORDER OF SERVICE.

I. WORDS INTRODUCTORY [by the pastor or leader]. Let us at this time seek, in all sincerity and with true faith, the blessing of the HOLY SPIRIT, that we may see and receive the TRUTH, and that we may render acceptable service unto God the FATHER who loves us, and who gave his Son JESUS CHRIST to redeem us from the guilt and from the power of sin.

II. PRAYER.

III. HYMN, "Rock of Ages" [sing thoughtfully, reverently, and earnestly].

IV. A SCRIPTURE SUMMARY.

Pastor. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

Congregation. God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.

P. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

C. The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness.

P. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

C. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;

P. He that believeth not shall be damned.

C. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

P. What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

C. These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

P. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple.

C. And he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

V. HYMN.

C. M.

If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;

O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!
"Meet and remember me."

Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
So deeply graven there.

VI. CREED RECITATION [to be recited by all in concert].

THE APOSTLES' CREED AND THE TEN DOCTRINES OF GRACE.

VII. ADDRESS on "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," or on some collateral topic.

VIII. CATECHISM SELECTION.

Sing. C. M.

O Lord, while we confess the worth
Of this the outward seal,
Do thou the truths herein set forth
To every heart reveal.

All Recite.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was ordained for the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of Christ's death, and of the benefits that we thereby receive.

The outward sign of the Lord's Supper is bread and wine, received according to Christ's command.

The inward grace of this sacrament is the communion of the body and blood of Christ, whereby we are reminded of his sacrificial death, and spiritually strengthened to do his will.

Recite.

P. Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
C. My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
P. All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
C. But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.
P. O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
C. And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

IX. PRAYER. BENEDICTION.

*This service is published in large type in tract form (size of Magazine Series). It is No. 1 of the "Oxford League Service Series." Price per 100, $1.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Prairie Settlement.—One autumn day in the year 1870 a small emigrant-train came to a halt on the bank of a stream in one of our western States. The train consisted of a large canvas-covered "prairie-schooner," drawn by four horses, two ordinary farm-wagons heavily loaded, and drawn by mules, and a small herd of cattle. A man of about forty-five, evidently the father of this traveling family, drew up his horses on a little grassy knoll near the stream, and got down from the high seat of the "prairie-schooner;" the young fellows who were driving the mule teams followed the example of their father, while the hired man, leaving his cattle grazing near the bank lower down, approached the group of wagons. The father was saying:

"This is the spot, I am sure, from the agent's description; this is to be our prairie-home."

The men looked about with considerable satisfaction. On the western bank of the small river was a large strip of timber-land, and toward the east and south lay the undulating prairie. To the north could be seen a low range of hills stretching away until they joined the prairie level in the eastern horizon. Mr. Benly, with his wife, his two sons, Jack, aged twenty, and Will, eighteen, and his daughter Cora, sixteen years old, had left their stony eastern farm to try their fortunes with the many who were seeking a western home and western wealth. Joe Astley, a faithful farm-hand, had followed his old employer to this new life, for farming the rich lands of Illinois is a different thing from extorting a bare living from the rocky hill-sides of Massachusetts.

Little time was lost in admiring the new land, however, for it was growing late, and much must be done before dark. The river was successfully forded, and the party at last stood on their new farm.

Long experience on the trail had taught father and sons lessons in camping out, and Mrs. Benly had not been slow in adapting her cooking methods to their changing mode of life.

The horses and mules were quickly unharnessed, and turned out to graze. Mr. Benly and Joe unloaded the "schooner," while the boys went to the woods in search of fuel. They soon returned loaded down with dead branches, and a fire was quickly made in the sheet-iron camp-stove, while a second and larger fire was kindled a little distance away from the wagons.

During the preparation of supper, a tent was stretched, and the farm implements, seed, provisions, etc., were unloaded from the wagons and the "schooner."

At last supper was announced, and the hungry wanderers sat down on boxes, blankets, or whatever they could find, to a meal of smoking hot biscuits, tea, crisp broiled salt pork, and canned peaches. As soon as the "edge was taken off their appetites," as Will put it, they began to talk over their plans for the future.

Mr. Benly intended to raise wheat, and ship it from the nearest railroad station, twenty miles away. He meant to begin modestly, and hoped to increase his production of wheat considerably each year. His farm was a whole section, as it is called, 640 acres, and he could add to this if he was prosperous.

The first thing to do was to build a house, and at the same time, if possible, begin breaking the prairie for winter wheat. All retired early, and were soon sleeping soundly or dreaming of the prosperity and happiness in store for them in the future. The next few days saw a small log-cabin built near the edge of the woods, and not far from a spring, which supplied the new-comers with cool drinking water. Mr. Benly and Joe left the finishing of the house to the two boys, assisted by their mother and sister, while they plowed and planted as large a field of wheat as they thought they could manage. When winter came, it found the Benly family ready, plenty of provisions in store, and their stock provided with a shelter and fodder.

PRODUCTION.

THE story told above has no moral, but we shall draw from the state of affairs described a lesson in Political Economy.

1. *What is production?* It is the creation of wealth. Wealth, by the definition given last week, is a material article which may be exchanged, or, in other words, which has an exchange value. Therefore,

PRODUCTION *consists in creating some material which shall have an exchange value, or in giving such value to some material object already in existence.*

For example: Mr. Benly hopes to raise so many bushels of wheat. He has a little seed, to be sure, which he might exchange, but he knows that by planting this seed in the earth he will get great quantities compared with the original amount. He cannot create so many bushels of wheat, but he can cause the proper combinations of soil and seed to take place. He is a producer. When the wheat is ready for the market he must do another thing. Twenty miles from the railroad, with no neighbors who want wheat, his wheat has little or no value—he must carry it to the station. This is another step in production, and helps to give the wheat an exchange value.

Production in this case includes all the stages of the wheat development from the time Mr. Benly gets the seed until he puts the wheat in the car at the station, and if he has to pay the freight, until the grain is sold to the elevator company in Chicago.

This is production in agriculture. Other things follow the same rule.

The producer takes raw cotton, which has been through the stages of agricultural production, and turns out cotton-cloth, that is, he creates a material object—cotton-cloth—which has an exchange value. Raw cotton has an exchange value, but it is not the exchange value of cotton-cloth.

Suppose a water company, as we suggested last week, brings water to a city. They do not grow or create the water, but give it an exchange value by simply taking it from a place where it is not available to a place where it is wanted.

2. *What are the requisites of production?* We have them all in the case of Mr. Benly. He wants to raise wheat, and he has brought almost nothing which will not directly aid him in this work. Let us see what he has, then, and we shall have the necessary elements of production:

1. The land in which to grow his wheat.
2. The tools, animals, and seed.

This is all, you say, that he needs to produce wheat. Indeed it is not. He and Joe and the boys must work. Labor is an element which must not be forgotten. They must all be fed during the time they are working. The food must be provided for their support. Mrs. Benly and Cora must work to prepare the food, and look after the house, so their labor must be added to that of the others. All these requisites may be distributed under three heads. *Land*, *Labor*, and *Capital*. Let us apply this rule to our emigrant friends:

LAND—The part of the farm under cultivation.

LABOR { Direct. Mr. Benly, hired man, and boys.
LABOR { Indirect. Mrs. Benly and Cora (supporting direct labor).

CAPITAL { Farm instruments, horses, mules, fodder, necessary provisions to support laborers until wheat is sold.
CAPITAL { Ready money for transportion of wheat to market.

Remember this formula: LAND+LABOR+CAPITAL=PRODUCTION.

THE JOURNALIST NO. 3.

WE call the attention of our readers under twenty years of age to the announcement of THE JOURNALIST in the *School at Home* of last week. We hope to have a large number of contributors and be able to issue a "Fourth of July Edition" that will be a credit to the editors and to OUR YOUTH. Let us have your contributions early and in abundance. Address OUR YOUTH, Plainfield, N. J.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE GAMES.

SATURDAY, May 29, was a field day at the Manhattan Athletic Club's grounds in New York. Representatives of all the prominent colleges of the country were present, either to take part in the athletic contests or to cheer their friends on to victory. Early in the afternoon the tiers of seats were crowded with excited collegians, who gave the cheers of their respective institutions with great zeal. "*'Rah-'rah-'rah-'rah-'rah-'rah-'rah-'rah-'rah—Harvard,*" came the cry of the Cambridge men as they waved their crimson flags. "C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A!" spelled the Columbia students in defiance. "*'Rah-'rah-'rah-'rah-'rah-'rah-'rah-'rah—Yale!*" sounded clear and loud from the blue-covered mass in one end of the grand-stand, while from the other side of the field came the rocket yell of Princeton, "*Hip, hip, huray, huray, huray, tiger, sis, boom, ah!*" "*Hoo'ray, Hoo'ray, Penn-syl-va-ni-a!*" shouted the men from Philadelphia. As a bit of pandemonium this overture was very interesting.

At 2:30 the trial races for the 100 yards dash were run. There were so many entered that it was impossible to have them all run at once. Men from Harvard and Yale won those preliminary races. Next came the trials in the two-mile bicycle race. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania won the right to enter the final contest.

The first tug-of-war was between Yale and Lafayette. After a hard pull Yale won by 2 1-2 inches. Harvard then pulled 2 feet or more of the rope away from Princeton in five minutes.

The pole-vaulting was closely contested. When the bar reached 10 feet only four men cleared it, and at last Columbia won at 10 feet 4 inches.

Putting the shot was won by Yale. Distance 38 feet 9 1-2 inches.

The final race in the 100 yards dash was very close, a Yale and a Harvard man crossing the finish line almost abreast. The judges decided that the race was won by Harvard.

The final two-mile bicycle race was won by the University of Pennsylvania in 6 minutes 39 seconds.

Throwing the hammer was won by Yale's huge athlete, known as the "Man Mountain." He tossed the heavy hammer lightly over his head a distance of 95 feet 11 inches, beating the best record.

The 120 yard hurdle race was easily won by a Yale runner in 17 seconds, making the best record for this event.

The 220 yards dash was won by Harvard's champion, a tall, handsome fellow, whose muscles stood out like whip-cords on his arms and legs. He ran like a deer, and easily distanced his competitors.

Harvard's team won the final tug-of-war from the College of the City of New York.

The quarter-mile run also went to Harvard in 51 4-5 seconds.

The running broad jump was won by Columbia. The distance was 20 feet 11 inches.

The running high jump went to the University of Pennsylvania, whose representative, a short, active fellow 5 feet 8 inches high, jumped over the bar at 5 feet 11 3-5 inches.

The half-mile run was won by Yale in 2 minutes 4 1-5 seconds, the mile walk by Harvard in 7 minutes 11 4-5 seconds, and the mile run by the University of Pennsylvania in 4 minutes 38 4-5 seconds.

Harvard retains the cup another year, having won 5 first prizes and 8 seconds. Yale is second with 4 first and 4 seconds.

THE LEAGUE MEET.

THE "League of American Wheelmen" held its annual meet in Boston a fortnight ago. There were over five hundred riders in the parade, and many more were in attendance. Two or three days were spent in runs about the beautiful suburbs of Boston, in receptions, exhibitions, and races. This bicycling fraternity is growing every year, and numbers its members by the thousands all over our broad land. It will be of interest to young ladies to know that there were some twenty ladies present with their tricycles. They seemed to enjoy the occasion as much as their friends on two wheels.

THE ATLANTIC.

THE new yacht *Atlantic*, which is to contest with the *Puritan*, the *Priscilla*, and the *Mayflower* for the privilege of racing with the English cutter *Galatea*, in defense of the America's Cup, took her trial trip the other day down New York Harbor. She behaved very satisfactorily, and in impromptu races with several yachts she showed marked superiority.

As the *Atlantic* was returning to her anchorage, the *Priscilla* came down the bay under a heavy spread of canvas, to give the new boat a brush. The *Atlantic* put about at once, and in a race out and back outsailed her rival in several important points.

The owners of the *Atlantic* feel confident that she will prove a very fast boat. Whether she is faster than the other American sloops is a question to be decided only by the result of the preliminary races.

BASE-BALL.

Questions.

No. 8. Good base-runner on first. Batter, a poor base-runner, hits a fly to second base-man. How shall second base-man put the good runner out surely and make double play? The good base-runner keeps near his base.

No. 9. Man on second base. Batter strikes out. Catcher drops third strike, but throws to first base. What is first base-man's play? What should short-stop do?

Answers.

No. 6. Page 413, No. 26. (First correct answer received.) Throw the ball to the pitcher. H. B. HANSON.

[It might do to throw to second base and return the ball to home-plate, but it requires great quickness and accuracy, and even then it often fails. The play is never made by amateur nines.—ED.]

No. 7. Page 413, No. 26. (First correct answer received.) Run home. When two are out run on any batted ball. C. S. THOMPSON.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

"THE way of transgressors is hard." Why can we not believe this in youth and avoid that "hard" way? Why suffer years of trouble to learn what a simple hearing and believing would have taught us at the beginning?

SAVE your money and buy an acre of land somewhere. In a few years a boy wastes enough money on candy to buy an acre of ground. Why suck and swallow an acre?

SCHOOL is over, the children are hurrying home with closed books, and the school-house is locked for the summer. It is vacation. What will the young people do with it?

VACATION ought not to mean vacancy. There is much to be done this summer. That interesting book bearing upon your school work but neglected for lack of time—read it now.

THE manual training which you think perhaps should go with book-learning—now is the time for it!

THOSE rosy cheeks which school-room air has faded—find them again in the fields. Now is your chance!

SHOW mother and father how much work you can take off their hands. Make your vacation theirs also.

YOU can make your vacation the busiest yet the "merriest time of all the glad new year" if you will. Change of occupation is more refreshing than idleness.

WITH this bright summer before you and so much to be done, don't sit around the house and ask, "Mother, what *shall* I do?"

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia.

(Bulgaria—Area, 24,360 sq. miles; population, 2,007,919; ruler, Prince Alexander I. Eastern Roumelia—Area, 13,500 sq. miles; population, 850,000; ruler, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, governor for the sultan of Turkey.)

BULGARIA and Eastern Roumelia are two of the fragments which are crumbling off the northern edge of the decaying Turkish Empire. Both are still in some sense dependent upon Turkey. Bulgaria, the larger and more important, lies between the Danube River, the Balkan Mountains, and the Black Sea. The mountain wall on the south is pierced by the Shipka Pass, a famous battle-field. The land slopes from the Balkans toward the river and the sea, the upper terraces furnishing excellent pasture land and the lower portions being covered with abundant forests. The mineral deposits, which are said to be rich, have been neglected on account of the wretched political condition of the country, and agriculture and grazing are almost the sole occupations. Corn, wool, tallow, hides, dairy products, flax, and timber are the principal exports of Bulgaria. Roumelia produces in addition to these articles a limited quantity of ottar of roses. There are no large cities in either country, the most important towns being the two capitals—Sofia and Philippopolis—Rustchuk, Varna, Shumla. The people of these countries are Bulgarians and Turks with some intermixture of Greeks, Jews, and Gypsies. The Greek Church is the prevailing religion. Education has been long neglected.

The country north of the Balkans was inhabited in the time of the Roman Empire by the Moesians. After the division of the empire these tribes became so dangerous that the eastern emperors, reigning at Constantinople, reared a wall (A. D. 507) to shut out their incursions. In the seventh century the Bulgarians came from their homes on the Russian Volga, conquered the Moesians, and set up the Bulgarian kingdom, which after a time became subject to the Greek emperors and, fifty years before the fall of Constantinople, passed into the hands of the Turks. Here, as in Greece, the patriotism of the people survived centuries of foreign oppression. In 1876, after intolerable sufferings, a revolt broke out which the Turkish authorities put down so mercilessly that the attention of Europe was called to the miserable Bulgarians. Russia took up the cause of the Greek Christians in Bulgaria, and after the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78 the congress of the European Powers at Berlin arranged a settlement of the Eastern Question. Bulgaria was left tributary to Turkey, but was assured a Christian governor of its own choosing, and an army under its own control. Alexander of Battenberg, a German, was chosen prince, and a constitution was adopted in 1879. He has done much for his principality. He has successfully resisted the efforts of Russia to use him as a tool in her designs on Constantinople and has made his country respected. In September, 1885, the people of Eastern Roumelia, which the Berlin congress had left under a Turkish governor, deposed their ruler and proclaimed annexation with Bulgaria. Alexander accepted their proposal. The Powers feared Alexander's increased power, but were unable to agree upon any settlement of the affair. Servia, in jealousy, attacked Alexander, but was defeated in a sharp campaign. Alexander as a victor now commanded respect, and the sultan was obliged to recognize the union of the two Bulgarias. Prince Alexander was made ruler of Eastern Roumelia for five years, and it is probable that the term will be extended indefinitely.

Leopold Von Ranke.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE, the most eminent historian of our time, died in Berlin, Germany, May 23, 1886, in his ninety-first year. He was educated for the teacher's profession, but early showed a decided taste for historical studies. He was not content with studying books, but found his material in original records and manuscripts. His first published work, the "History of Roman and German Nations from 1494 to 1535," and "Criticisms upon Modern Historians" won for him at the age of twenty-nine the responsible position of Professor of History in the University of Berlin, which he occupied until the day of his death. The Prussian government further recognized his talents by sending him to southern Europe to study the ancient documents which lay dust-hidden in the monastic and state libraries of Venice, Vienna, Florence, and Rome. He was highly successful in this research, and after four years he applied himself with energy to the task of reducing to historical form the material which his industry had gathered. He worked sixteen hours daily for a long period and published "The Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," "The Osmanlis and the Spanish Monarchy," "History of Servia," "Lectures on Italian Poetry." His "History of the Popes of Rome" appeared in 1834 and extended his reputation throughout Europe and across the sea. Macaulay reviewed it in the brilliant essay on the Roman Church, in which occur the famous words, "And she may still exist with undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." In 1841 Ranke was made official historian of Prussia, and since that time his labor has been incessant. As he advanced in years his activity appeared to increase, and the catalogue of even his more recent publications would be long. After he had passed the age of eighty he planned and commenced what was to be his masterpiece—a "History of the World" in nine volumes. His eye-sight had become impaired by long use, and his trembling fingers refused to guide the pen, but with the assistance of two secretaries, who were kept busy reading, copying, looking up references and receiving dictation, he completed six volumes of the great work before he was overtaken by death, which came suddenly upon him. Until within a few weeks of the end he labored eight hours a day on his great work. He thought it his duty to devote his time to study, saying to a recent visitor, "Every hour is precious. I must use the moments Providence allows me and be thankful for the privilege."

John Kelly.

FEW names are more familiar to American newspaper readers than that of John Kelly, who died June 1, in New York, the city of his birth. His career was a peculiar one, and its parallel would be hard to find in any other land. His Irish parents had been in America but a few years when John Kelly was born in lower New York in 1821. His father owned a little store on Hester Street, but the boy determined to learn a trade. His work obliged him to rely upon the night schools for what education he received. Grate-setting and soapstone-working was his chosen trade, and he made a success of it, rising to the ownership of a shop, and winning a moderate fortune.

But Kelly's fame is not that of a business man. Politics attracted him. His faculty for managing men was inborn, and it was in practical politics that he won distinction. He became an alderman in 1853, and two years later he was sent to Congress. In 1859 he was elected to the responsible office of Sheriff of New York. Although filling this important station through the worst days of the Tweed ring, it has never been seriously charged that he was a party to its corruptions. When Tweed was overthrown Kelly came forward as the leader of Tammany Hall. The Tammany Society controlled from forty to seventy thousand Democratic votes in New York city, and for a dozen years John Kelly controlled the Tammany Society. He was the typical "boss" of American politics, manipulating conventions, naming candidates, and deciding elections. With the vast city vote cast at his bidding he exercised a most powerful influence upon the politics of his State; and as the New York vote had decided many a Presidential election, the action of the Tammany boss was also a factor in national elections. For several years Tammany has met with formidable opposition. Republicans and anti-Tammany Democrats have combined on more than one occasion to win victories over their enemy. But in none of the organizations which have existed in New York, or any other American city, has the one-man-power been exhibited in such perfection as in the person of John Kelly.

A Brief Survey.

PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND was married at Washington, June 2, to Miss Frances Folsom, of Buffalo, N. Y.——Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, has resigned on account of ill health, but the President asks him to postpone this withdrawal until October in hopes of his recovery.——John Most, the New York anarchist, editor of "Die Freiheit," was convicted of inciting to riot and murder and sentenced to pay a fine of $500 and to serve for one year in the penitentiary. Two of his associates received lighter sentences.——The Shipping Bill, including Senator Frye's amendment which provides for retaliation for the Canadian fishery seizures, has passed both Houses.——Inasmuch as May 30 fell on Sunday the observance of Decoration Day was put over until Monday. The day in New York was a notable one. The President reviewed the processions, and, his approaching marriage being in the mind of all, was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. In the afternoon the tomb of Gen. U. S. Grant, in Riverside Park, was the center of a gathering of many thousand people. Elaborate floral emblems, contributed by Grand Army Posts from all over the country, surrounded the grave. Senator Logan, of Illinois, delivered the memorial oration. One of the most singular features of the celebration elsewhere was that the oration over the Federal graves at Pittsfield, Mass., was delivered by a Confederate soldier, George W. Cable, the novelist. ——The Knights of Labor Convention at Cleveland was captured by the extremists, who elected their candidates for the executive committee June 2. The new men are said to oppose the conservative views of Master Workman Powderly, and to favor war with trades-unions.

The seceding English Liberals have been joined by John Bright, who has written a letter denouncing the Home Rule Bill. The chances of a defeat of the government and an early dissolution of Parliament are increasing.——It is reported that Col. Davenport, of New York, has left Liverpool for the Congo State to supervise the construction of the railway which is to connect the Upper and Lower Congo. The preliminary surveys are already completed.—— The Committee of the French Chambers, which has charge of the bill for the expulsion of the princes, has decided that the bill shall be compulsory, and shall apply to all members of both royal houses—Bourbon and Bonaparte.

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We doubt if there is a single subscriber for OUR YOUTH, young or old, who cannot, directly or indirectly, himself, or through some one else, secure at least five new subscribers for OUR YOUTH with very slight effort. We don't ask any more unless you are able to do more. But even this will more than make up the circulation which we seek to obtain. Who is there who cannot do this—among all your acquaintances secure five new subscribers for the half year at fifty cents each? You can do it within a week, if you try.

But perhaps you ask yourself mentally, Why are they so anxious about the circulation? Let us whisper a moment in your ear. The paper for which you pay $1 25 per year costs us, on the basis of the present circulation, about twice that amount. We *must* have the increase in circulation in order to reduce the cost.

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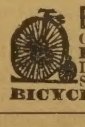

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—"Hoop-la!" shouted a Mott Street Chinaman; "burnee, shootee policee, knock 'em outee alle samee—"

"Here, John," interrupted a policeman, "what's up?"

"Me no Chinaman. Me Analchist, Socialist, Molmon immiglant. Chinaman have to go. Analchist and Molmon immiglant stay allee samee Mellican man; have ten wifee, shootee policee, thlow bomb-shellee. Hoop-la!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Just bought this donkey, Jones. What do you think of my purchase?"

"Most remarkable case of self-possession I ever knew."—*Chicago Rambler.*

—An exchange thinks there will be a great falling off in summer visitors at Newport this season. As Newport is in Rhode Island, they wouldn't have far to go to fall off.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Bishop Harris was recently the guest of a pastor whose little boy had been on the tip-toe of expectation to see a Bishop. At the dinner-table the Bishop sat at the end near the little fellow, and the prelate did his best to make himself agreeable to the young gentleman. The talk was of school and studies, of Church, Sunday-school, and other matters likely to interest. The pair seemed pleased with each other, but after the distinguished divine had left the table the boy looked up at his mother in almost blank astonishment and said,

"Ma! Is that all there is to a Bishop?"—*Buffalo Courier.*

—Base-ball in Shanty-town.—"Yer'll have ter call der game, fellys. Finnerty's pig has swallowed der ball!"—*Puck.*

—Mrs. Hobson—"Now, you and Bobby must stay to luncheon, Mrs. Hendricks. It will be announced in a very short time."

Mrs. Hendricks—"Really, Mrs. Hobson, you are very kind, but I couldn't think of it. We shall be expected home, and—er—I ought to have gone long before this; but I had no idea it was so late, and Bobby has a cold."

Bobby (anxious to stay)—"My cold is a good deal better, ma, and besides you told the cook not to get any lunch for us because we wouldn't be home to eat it."—*N. Y. Times.*

—It is suggested that the appearance of cholera in Venice be due to the defective drainage of her streets. —*Philadelphia Call.*

—Unfounded Rumor.—A small boy was detected by a stingy farmer in one of his cherry-trees. The farmer made the boy come down and talked very seriously to him about the sinfulness of stealing. The boy answered indignantly:

"Now, you just count them cherries over again and see if there is one of 'em missing before you insinuate that I took it."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A boy 12 years old was an important witness in a law-suit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said,

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."—*Ex.*

—Book agent—"Is the boss of the house in?"

Husband (who has responded to the ring of the door-bell)—"I guess so, I heard my wife say that she was in."

B. A.—"O! the boss of this house is a lady."

H.—"Yes, our servant girl. I guess you will find her in the basement kitchen. Go down the flight of stairs to left. Good morning."—*Boston Courier.*

—"There is something in this little fellow I like," said an appreciative up-town visitor of a young hopeful he was trotting on his knee.

"Say, now," said the boy, "how did you know I had swallowed a nickel?"—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Three weeks ago an Indiana man taught his dog, a very finely bred, well-behaved setter, to chew tobacco. Now the dog comes into the house by the back door, never scrapes his feet on the mat, never goes to church, is careless at his meals, gets burs in his tail, goes with a lower grade of dogs, and it is feared that he is beginning to take an interest in politics.—*Burdette.*

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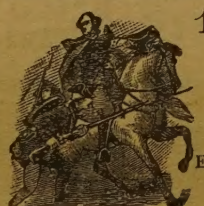

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